

\$10.00
S.C.

When Sherman MARCHE'D Down to the Sea.

"Our camp fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe!
When a horseman rode out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, 'Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the Sea.'"

WRITTEN BY

Adjutant Byers, of the Fifth Iowa,

WHILE CONFINED IN THE REBEL PRISON CAMP AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

WM. S. MACKIE & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
and Publishers of Music and
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Sung with Immense Applause at the

25

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WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA.

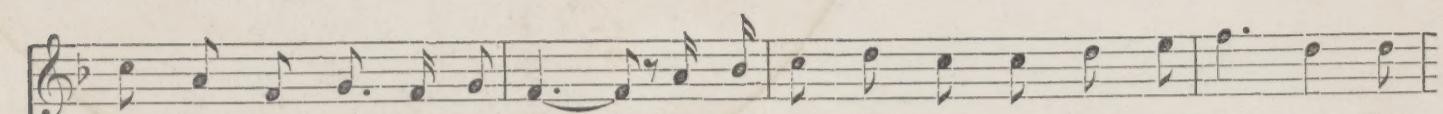
Allegretto.

1. Our camp fires shone bright on the moun - tain That
2. When cheer up - on cheer for bold Sher - man Went
3. Then for - ward, boys; for - ward to bat - tle, We

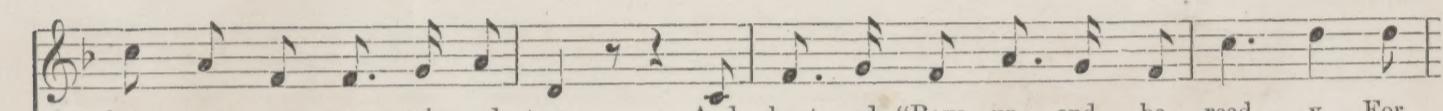
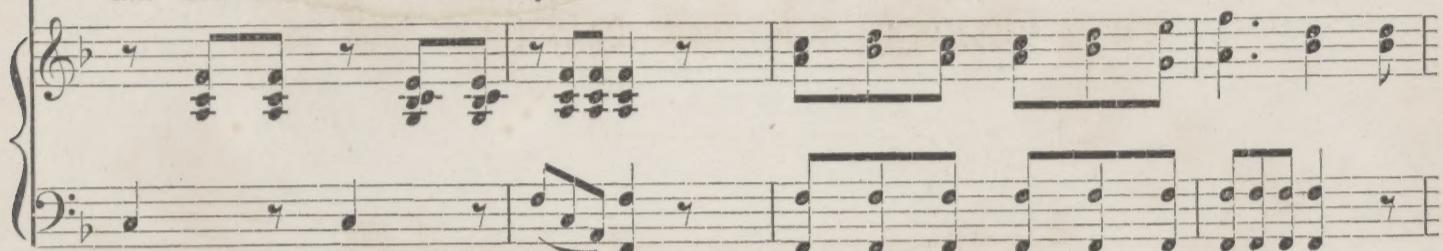
frown'd on the riv - er be - low,
up from each val - ley and glen,
march'd on our wea - ry - some way,

While we stood by our guns in the morn - ing,
And the bu - gles re - ech - oed the mu - sic
And we storm'd the wild hills of Re - sa - ea,

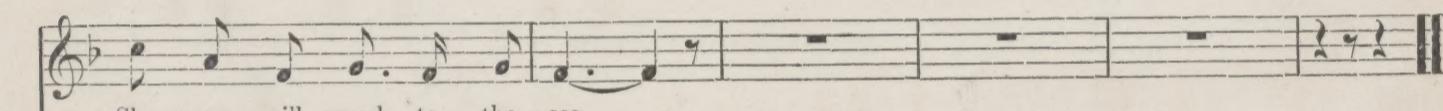
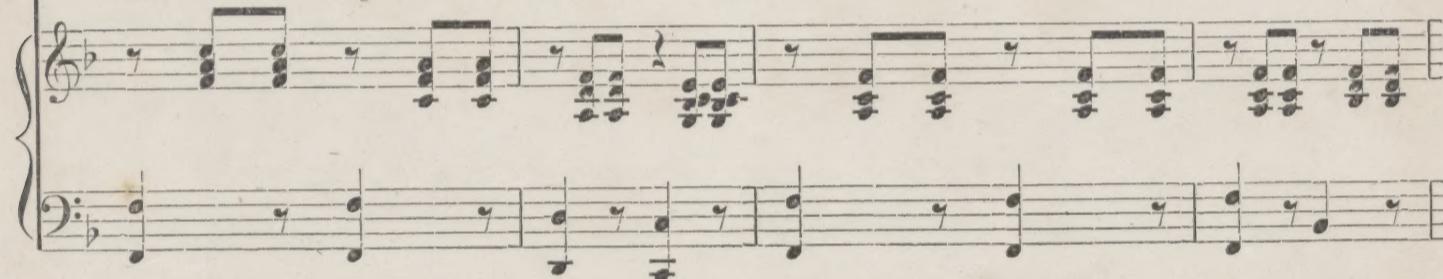
And God



ea - ger - ly watch'd for the foe;.... When a horse - man rode out from the dark - ness That
came from the lips of the men— For we knew that the stars on our ban - ners, More
bless those who fell on that day!— Then Ken - e - saw, dark in its glo - ry, Frown'd



hung /o - ver moun - tain and tree, And shout - ed, "Boys, up and be read - y, For
bright in their splen - dor would be, And the bless - ings from North - land would greet us When
down on the flag of the free, But the East and the West bore her stan - dard When



Sher - man will march to the sea.
Sher - man march'd down to the sea.
Sher - man march'd down to the sea.



4.

Still onward we pressed till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor's flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
And Sherman marched down to the sea.

5.

Proud, proud was our army that morning
That stood by the cypress and pine,
Then Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is mine!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and sea,
And the stars on our banners shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

